



# The Call



844 129 77

## Chapter 1 by Soccer\_5

Okay this was starting to get creepy, it has been going of for three weeks now. Every day at 3:04 pm I get a call that says "I know what you did" then hangs up.

## Chapter 2 by Phantim



At first I thought it was going to be one of those "I know what you did last summer" prank calls but it wasn't. The worst part is I had recently been in an accident and suffered catastrophic head trauma. The problem was, I don't remember anything. You can see how that puts me at a disadvantage.

## Chapter 3 by SliceofSports



Trying to think what I had possibly done was like digging deep into dirt for a treasure chest that isn't there. It's impossible. Painfully impossible. I check the time; 3:02 pm. It's just two minutes until the mysterious caller will call me. I know what he will say (he had been saying "I know what you did" everyday for 3 weeks now), but that didn't make the wait any less excruciating. Finally, 120 seconds pass. The phone rings. I pick it up, expecting the same mantra to be repeated. Oh how wrong I was

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Chapter 4 by midcheecorbridge



I wait for the caller to speak, but the only sound I hear is the faint, almost imperceptible, whisper of my breath through my own handset, anxiously anticipating those words: "I know what you did."

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"Samuel?" I hear the caller addressing me by a name that I had not used in years. Everyone knew me by my middle name, Nickolas, and at that, as 'Nicky'. I struggled to remember the sound of the voice of the mysterious caller. It was male, slightly raspy, with a slight hint of an accent I could not place. European? Eastern European? I couldn't tell. But this voice was different. Familiar in some long remembered way. Clear and strong in it's tenor, but it could not hide a puzzled inflection.

"Who is this?" I stammered. I was caught off guard. I was initially relieved that the mysterious callers message had been replaced, but the mystery still remained. Why now? Why at this anointed time? "Samuel," the voice continued, "I have waited so long for this moment. Is it you? Please tell me it is you."

### Chapter 5 by Nikhil G



"Who is this?" I repeated again not exactly trusting the voice at the other end despite the faint recognition. "Samuel it's me your ---- don't you recognize me" replied the voice speaking faster in its excitement. The static jumbled the part where the name was told but for some reason I got a sinking feeling in my stomach.

"I didn't get that . Could you repeat it?" I asked the voice.

"It's Jonathan." Screeching tyres. Mud splashing all over.

"It's me your Uncle Jonathan." Bloody dagger. Bodies strewn.

I started shuddering.

"It's been a long time Samuel" said 'Uncle Jonathan' warmly. I could almost see the broad smile on his chiseled face. I could also see myself screaming madly in my mirror.

"And I know what you did" said the voice.

### Chapter 6 by monarchofmartinis



"W-what?" my voice shook as I tried to understand what was going on.

"I know what you did" he repeated as if he was expecting me to continue the conversation.

Images flashed in my mind. The screams felt so loud.

"Tell me please, did I hurt them?" tears formed in my eyes while I waited for an answer I already

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"Ahh, I see I've been saying it all wrong, you don't care what you did you just want to know why, don't you Samuel?"

"Please" I could hardly speak as the fear rushed into my throat.

"Don't worry little Sammy, Uncle John is here." He laughed like it was all a joke. This made me angry.

"You're not my uncle"

The man let out a rather theatrical sigh.

"Well, I tried, I didn't think you'd trust me if I told you my real name."

"And you think lying to me would make me trust you more."

"It was worth a shot."

"Who are you"

"You won't believe me." he sang.

"Try me."

" Well most people call me Roger, but you little Sammy, you can call me Death."

## Chapter 7 by Madame Apothica



Shit. Death? Who in their right mind goes about introducing themselves to people as Death?

'People who congratulate others on murder,' I thought.

No. I shook my head. No, I didn't murder anyone. I couldn't have...Could I?

The static coming from the other end of the line distracted me and I shuddered as the man self-named Death's sigh sounded more like a sinister cackle rather than an innocent release of air.

"Look Sammy. Here's how it's gonna go. You give me the stone and no one else gets hurt."

My head spin. Stone? What stone?

"I don't know what you're talking about--"

"No, no. You don't get to play all innocent with me. You may have fooled everyone else with your naive act, but not me. I know you know how the stone works. Why else would you have gone all Norman Bates, sans the dress, back in Shanghi? No, you're going to give me the stone tomorrow night, at the docks, or else your little girlfriend ends up sleeping with the fishes."

"Sleeping with the fishes?" I heard myself repeat in confusion, "wait, do you mean--"

They don't call me death for nothing. The man said his voice fading as if he were getting ready to hang up his phone.

"No wait!" I said, pleading heavily into the phone. "I don't know what you're talking about I don't even have a girlfriend!"

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But my cries were to go unanswered, as my only response from the disembodied voice was, "Tomorrow."

"Wait!" I yelled back, but it was too late. The line had gone dead.

### Chapter 8 by Ayla Cerise



I couldn't sleep throughout the entire night, dangerous thoughts constantly rushing through my mind. Was this mysterious voice going to murder an innocent girl because of me? Was I a murderer myself? What was 'the stone'? I couldn't take it anymore.

These anxious thoughts were going to kill me before this 'Death' even had the chance to.

I get up from my bed and pace around at the foot of it.

What could I do? How could I fix this?

The stone. I had to figure out what the stone even was.

I trashed my bedroom, desperately searching for whatever the stone may be.

Maybe I knew what and where it was before my accident. And I know my own mind well enough to think up the place where I would hide something valuable.

... I would bury it.

I hastily thudded through the house until I got to the back door. The sun was starting to rise again, meaning that this meeting wouldn't be too long away. I dug next to trees, I dug under bushes. I must have looked crazed. The only place left was the little patch of violets, one of the few places I recognized after I lost my memory.

I hesitantly ripped the beautiful plants out of the ground. And with a few brushes of my hand, I find a large, polished, crystal-like ball, the same shade of purple as the flowers.

Tears automatically streak my face. If the stone is real, maybe the creepy caller wasn't lying about the.. other subjects.

the end

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